



THE INNIS HERALD

Volume XLVI NO. 2 December | 2010





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THE INNIS HERALD

VOLUME XLVI NO. 2
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Innis College
2 Sussed Ave, Room 107
Toronto, ON M5S 1J5

innis.herald@utoronto.ca

Founded in 1965, the Innis Herald is Innis College's monthly newspaper. We strive to provide sophisticated, substantial, and unconventional discussion of college, campus and citywide issues. By virtue of the college's programs and population, there is a particular focus on the arts, culture and writing.

Our mandate is to encourage critical thought and participation within our readership and in the wider University of Toronto campus and community. The Herald is a place for discussion of ideas, opinions and thoughts that are usually not emphasized in other student newspapers or on campus.

Thanks to all the editors, contributors, artists, and readers of the Innis Herald. We would also like to thank the Innis College Student Society for their support.

We welcome any criticisms, comments, and submissions from University of Toronto students and community members.

If you are interested in writing regularly for the Herald, or in submitting art, please email us or stop by our office hours every Monday from 4 to 6, Wednesday from 1 to 2, and Friday from 3 to 5.

We reserve the right not to publish submitted material.

Our artists' websites are:

Lidija Rabernovic - pesme.tumblr.com
Brianna Lowe - briannalowe.blogspot.com
Pierce Desrochers-O'Sullivan - calmdott.com
Elizaveta Porodina - flickr.com/elizavetab

MASTHEAD

Editors-in-Chief Karam EL MASRI
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Irene OH
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Art Editor Marko BALABAN

Music Editor Vincent HO

Copy Editors Vanessa TAM
Morgan WHALEN

Photography Editor Mauricio CONTRERAS- PAREDES

Layout Editor Marko BALABAN

GUEST CONTRIBUTORS

Theodore ASPIC
Margaux BARALON
Anna ABENHAIM
Marco BORRELLI
Alex GRIFFITH
Paolo KAGAOAN
Marco LA ROCCA
Linus PUMPERNICKEL

FEATURED ARTISTS

Art Marko BALABAN [front and back cover,
pages 2, 7 & 16]
Lidija RABRENOVIĆ [Page 13]
Jessie SHENG [pages 4 & 17]

Photography Marko BALABAN [page 3]
Mauricio CONTRERAS- PAREDES
[pages 8, 11 & 12]
Elizaveta PORODINA [pages 9 & 10]

Comics Pierce DESROCHERS-O'SULLIVAN [page 18]
Luke KUPLOWSKY [page 18]

The Limits of Laughter

By Karam EL MASRI & Juan LLAMAS RODRIGUEZ

Editors-in-Chief

There is a quote by Morgan Grimes, fictional character in the television series *Chuck*, about the time when a joke stops being funny and starts to hurt, and where to draw that line. This issue of boundaries in humour has been a topic of conversation lately given the controversy sparked by a piece in the *Toike Oike* which ridiculed a homeless man and used homophobic language in an attempt to get a laugh out of students. An article on *The Varsity* exposed the outrage by community members over the use of the word 'faggot' and the subsequent response from the *Toike's* masthead and editor-in-chief. If there is one point we empathized on with the *Toike's* editor-in-chief – and indeed there is only one – is the (allegedly misquoted) remark that if it weren't for the questionable content they currently publish there would be nothing to print. *The Herald* has been no stranger to underwhelming numbers of submissions in the past, but lack of substantial material is hardly an excuse for publishing questionable content. When the favourable aspects of an article (if there are any) do not sufficiently exceed the problematic ones, erring on the side of caution and pulling the article is always a good option. And risking the oppression of a minority group to create a "teachable moment" for oneself sounds like a textbook

definition of exerting privilege.

However, we don't intend to expand on yet another response to the ongoing debate. Sufficiently good arguments were made both on the *Varsity* article and on (only) a handful of the comments in the online edition. What is of interest to us is the way certain themes from this debate seem to be addressed in the submissions we have for our December issue. For instance, there are two articles championing the cultural value of *The Simpsons*, an animated series known for its satire and irony, that despite its irreverence always knows how to fall on the side of tasteful humour. More topically, a submission from an anonymous writer aims to contribute to the ongoing campaign *It Gets Better*, created by Dan Savage as a response to the wave of teen suicides that reveal prevailing homophobia in the United States. The engaging piece sheds light on the fact that similar oppressing attitudes are still present in our society, if not our university, and is sure to resonate with many Innis and UofT students. Finally, given that our resident etymologist is on sabbatical, just in case the word 'faggot' was ever in the history of the English language used a pejorative terms towards the elderly, we also have an article on the upcoming film *Barney's Version*, the filmic adapta-

tion of Mordecai Richler's novel about an old man writing his memoirs.

Another point that resonated with us from the *Toike* debacle was the apparent disconnect between the paper and the faculty that it belongs to. Comments from a member of the Engineering Society alluded to a general disdain from the engineer population towards their humour publication. Regardless of whether this is actually true for the *Toike*, we would never want it to be for the *Herald*. To be fair, we would never suggest that a paper should conform to the wishes of its student union. Similarly, it would be naïve to think that a college newspaper could equally represent or appeal to all members of that college. But it doesn't mean it can't be open to it. To that end, we want to hear from the Innis population what it means to be part of this college. Whether it is a retrospective on Innis fresh week, an account of life in Innis residence, a study on the demographics of the student body, or a plug-in for any of the college's student clubs, we want to hear about it. In our previous issue we asked you to tell us what you thought of your newspaper, this time we are asking you to tell us what you think of your college.



Photography | Marko BALABAN



Art | Jessie SHENG

It Gets Better: Confessions of a Closeted Queer • •

by Theodore ASPIC

Consider this my written response to the 'It Gets Better' Project.

I first became aware of my homosexuality when I was twelve, bordering on thirteen. At first I didn't want this to happen. I didn't know how to deal with it and didn't want to accept it. Since I was already made fun of for other reasons, I thought that if others found out about my sexuality, it would give them another reason to bully me, or use me as the punchline in jokes. I grew up in a very hetero-normative society in which the 'Nuclear Family' was the preconceived norm.

As I was growing up, I heard quite a few gay jokes. Some of my classmates would use 'faggot' as a term of disrespect. At the same time, the word 'gay' was becoming more common within teenagers to casually denote anything as inferior. Most of the teenagers who went to my school were nice people, but they inadvertently made it hard without realizing by utilizing those words. Even today, I hear what some people say, people I have known for years. I put up with their ignorance and views because of hope that things would get better. It didn't help when I learned about hate crimes against homosexuals, and teenagers being confronted with their own homosexuality, most of which was bleak and grim.

To be honest, I was scared. Scared of being victimized. Scared of being picked on and shunned. Scared of being who I am. Since I never really had friends until I was sixteen, I had no one to turn too. And I didn't want to tell my parents because of the fear of what may happen. To that end, I buried myself deeply in the closet in order to conform. Although it was open, I had hidden myself in the dark corners so no one would see. I never hated myself, but I never thought of myself positively.

To make matters worse, people who worked where I did would often reveal their homophobia in front of me, unaware of my true nature. Some just said it was wrong and disgusting, others would go on tirades about how 'they' don't belong in society, and should never have been given any rights at all. Sometimes religion was invoked. It was hard listening to some of the things I have heard growing up, and still have to listen to today.

And then I went off to university, things did get better. But it took time. A lot of time. It was not because I went to university, but because I was in a more positive area. If people found out about my homosexuality, I was not going to be labeled 'the gay kid.' It wasn't until my second year that I fully embraced my homosexuality. Eight years had lapsed, but I finally have the courage to be who I am. After a few more months, I finally came out to a few friends, one at a time. For me, it was a big step. Those few have accepted me for who I am, and I am forever grateful for that.

I am not going to lie, it can, and will, be hard. Even if you are comfortable with who you are, there can still be dark surprises. In September, I heard about a teenager who killed himself for being bullied because of his homosexuality, or for being perceived as gay. And then I heard of another. And then there were three. By the end of the month, nine teenagers have taken their lives due to homophobic bullying. Most were younger than 18, two were 13.

At times life can be rough, especially during high school. It might be horrible and feel like it will never end. I have felt like that. But having been through that, and gotten out of it, it got so much better. I got the chance to make new friends, friends who accepted me for who I am, who will help if I ever find myself face down in the gutter. The same can happen to you. Suicide is not the way to go. If you ever feel like you are almost at that point, if you just can't handle any more pain, or anything that's going on, talk to someone. If you are going through something that harsh, let someone know. Things get so much better in the long run. Who knows, you might even find someone who likes you for who you are, someone understands what you've been through and wants to be with you. I have never met anyone yet, but I won't give up.

In the past couple of months, people have been speaking out to the gay youth, letting them know that it gets better. I wrote this wanting to join in this effort and let you know that it does get better. I am proud of who I am and no one can ever take that away from me, no matter how hard they try. Please don't let them get to you.

There is nothing worse than taking your own life.

Le paradoxe des manifestations étudiantes en France. . .

by Margaux BARALON

J'ai passé trois ans de ma vie à étudier au lycée Saint Sernin de Toulouse, dans le sud de la France. Ce qui signifie que pendant environ un mois par an, soit trois mois en tout, j'ai pu expérimenter le concept si particulier du blocus, manifestation estudiantine toute française durant laquelle les élèves choisissent de bloquer l'accès à leur lycée ou leur fac, afin de protester contre les mesures prises pour le gouvernement, voire le gouvernement lui-même. En 2005-2006, c'était à cause du Contrat Première Embauche (CPE) de Dominique de Villepin. L'année suivante, ce fut au tour du ministre de l'éducation nationale Xavier Darcos d'expérimenter les réactions des jeunes avec sa réforme des lycées. Enfin, en 2007-2008 la loi Pécresse réformant les universités déclencha les foudres des lycéens et étudiants.

Cette année, voilà que cela recommence, que toute la France se met en grève, et que les étudiants bloquent à cause de la réforme des retraites.

Je ne dis pas que les jeunes n'ont pas de conscience politique, parce que c'est faux. Ils sont nombreux à se battre pour quelque chose, certains lisent vraiment les textes du gouvernement, et je refuse de croire que tous les moins de 45 ans n'ont pas leur place dans les débats importants. Je ne dis pas non plus que ces réformes étaient ou sont géniales ni que la retraite est un sujet qui ne concernent pas les jeunes. Je ne dis pas enfin que le blocus est illégal, ce qui est illégal n'étant pas forcément illégitime.

Mais la fin ne justifie pas ce moyen. Lors des Assemblées Générales, qui ne sont souvent que des parodies de démocratie et de liberté d'expression, le blocus est le seul moyen d'action proposé. Les lycéens et les étudiants n'ont que ce mot là à la bouche, comme si faire une chaîne avec des êtres humains et des poubelles restait le seul moyen

efut
FRENCH CLUB
etudiants.francophones@utoronto.ca

dont on dispose pour s'exprimer. Avant d'envisager le reste, on bloque.

Etre en grève pour le jeune, ça veut surtout dire prendre du bon temps et loucher des heures de cours, ce qui paraît génial pour tout étudiant normalement constitué, mais qui demande quand même qu'on y réfléchisse à deux fois, surtout lorsqu'on entame sa deuxième semaine de blocus ininterrompu, surtout lorsqu'on a un bac ou un concours à passer à la fin de l'année.

A chaque Assemblée Générale revient le même discours de la part des meneurs du blocus : « on peut très bien s'organiser tout seuls pour nos révisions » et « de toute façon, vous l'aurez votre bac, il n'y a jamais eu autant de réussite à l'examen qu'en 1968 ».

Arguments d'une vacuité désespérante.

Bien sûr, nous pouvons nous prendre en main, aller chercher des cours sur internet, apprendre par nous-mêmes comme des grands. Mais le fait que certains élèves aient plus de difficultés et pas forcément d'accès illimité et facile à internet ne semble pas effleurer les étudiants

prompts à bloquer. Quant à la seconde intervention, qui fait appel une énième fois au mythe de mai 1968, elle semble émaner de lycéens qui ne voient pas plus loin que le bout de leur nez, le bac n'étant pas la fin du parcours scolaire, loin s'en faut. Le blocus est une belle balle que les étudiants et lycéens se tirent dans le pied. Ou dans le pied des autres, lorsqu'ils ont la chance d'avoir un environnement propice aux révisions et à l'étude.

Du point de vue des revendications, les blocus ont toujours divisé les mouvements étudiants. De nombreux jeunes acquis aux idées des bloqueurs ne les ont pas suivis en raison des moyens employés. Un blocus implique aussi de se mettre à dos une bonne partie des parents d'élèves, du corps enseignant, des administrations des établissements, qui ne sont pas pour autant sur la même longueur d'onde que la radio gouvernementale.

Alors que faire ? Prendre part aux manifestations n'empêche pas ceux qui préfèrent aller assister à leurs cours de le faire. Il semble aussi possible, lors de ces Assemblées Générales où l'on s'obstine à lever la main pour reconduire un blocus, de décider autre chose, comme des actions symboliques, qui donnent souvent une bien meilleure image des mouvements étudiants et sont assez médiatisées pour avoir un impact.

D'aucuns me diront que ce n'est pas assez, et que devant un gouvernement compréhensif et ouvert à la discussion comme le gouvernement français, l'emmerdement d'un maximum de monde pendant un maximum de temps est la seule arme dont nous disposons encore. Moi ce que je vois surtout, c'est que pour défendre son avenir et son éducation, on choisit de fermer l'un des lieux censés nous permettre d'assurer l'un et l'autre. Avouez qu'on a rarement vu plus paradoxal.

Social Networks. . .

by Anna ABENHAIM

Cet article n'est pas à propos du dernier film de David Fincher, « The Social Network », actuellement dans les salles, mais s'en est inspiré pour proposer une réflexion sur notre nouvelle ère de relations technologico-virtuelles-sociales.

« Geek », « Nerd », « No Life », utilisés en anglais comme en français, sont des expressions que l'on emploie désormais au quotidien pour désigner ces gens qui « passent leur vie » devant leurs ordinateurs. Ce que l'on appelle aujourd'hui le « Web 2.0 » a, en effet, pris beaucoup de place dans nos traditionnelles « relations sociales » et dans nos vies plus largement.

Le Web 2.0 se caractérise par la capacité des internautes à créer du contenu collectivement. On peut définir le Web 2.0 comme étant un lieu de « presumption », c'est-à-dire à la fois de production et de consommation. Ce concept de « presumption » permet en partie d'expliquer l'engouement de notre société pour les nouvelles technologies du Web. Sur Wikipédia en effet, les internautes peuvent créer, éditer, et mettre à jour des articles, sur Facebook, MySpace et bien d'autres réseaux sociaux en ligne, les internautes créent des communautés et génèrent du contenu, sur Ebay, les internautes, à la fois consommateurs et producteurs, créent eux-mêmes le marché.

Au-delà de créer des nouveaux modes de produc-

tion et de consommation, le Web 2.0 engendre des nouvelles formes de relations sociales. Les liens sociaux organisés autour d'un réel contact humain se font de plus en plus rare. Les dénommés « No Life » sont accusés de n'avoir aucun lien social autre que celui qu'ils entretiennent via (voire avec) leur ordinateur. Dans ces cas de figure, quand nos relations sociales se résument à actualiser sa page Twitter et à écrire sur le « wall » de nos Facebook friends, il devient effectivement légitime de penser que le Web 2.0 est malsain, voire nocif, pour les animaux sociaux que nous sommes.

Dans un article précédent en effet, je faisais référence à notre besoin vital de contacts et de liens humains. Nul ne peut se contenter de relations sociales dont l'intermédiaire majeur n'est autre qu'un ordinateur.

Cependant, beaucoup pensent que l'introduction du Web 2.0 n'affecte pas les liens sociaux que nous entretenons, et certains affirment même qu'Internet joue un rôle de supplément et non pas de substitut dans nos relations sociales, et qu'il offre de nouvelles opportunités en la matière. Les liens créés via le Web seraient une manière de compléter nos liens traditionnels, en permettant notamment d'établir des contacts de façon plus étendue et plus régulière. Les communautés créées sur Internet permettraient à la fois de maintenir un contact plus fréquent avec notre

entourage, et pourraient également être un moyen de créer de nouveaux liens, plus nombreux et plus systématiques.

Les débats autour du Web 2.0 en général, et des réseaux sociaux virtuels en particulier, sont pour l'instant loin de se dissiper. Cela dit, on peut reconnaître que ces nouvelles formes sociales qui ont certes des inconvénients, lorsqu'elles deviennent exclusives, ont également quelques avantages pour certains notamment qui, trop réservés en public par exemple, ont désormais un moyen de socialiser et de créer des liens. Utilisé à bon escient, le Web 2.0 peut même apparaître comme un remède contre la timidité de certains et leur « manque » de sociabilité plus globalement.

Comme beaucoup d'autres choses finalement, le Web 2.0 et les réseaux sociaux en ligne ont du bon et du mauvais. Ils ont une place de plus en plus centrale au sein de notre société post-moderne, et c'est à nous d'apprendre à en faire bon usage. Il faut de toute évidence éviter d'en faire un usage exclusif ou abusif, mais avec du recul et à petite dose, le Web 2.0 semble être en mesure de permettre aux animaux sociaux que nous sommes, de sépanour pleinement.

A consommer avec modération, donc.

The Schomberg Fair...

by Vincent HO



Cueing a note right as if it were on tune with a beggar's shuffled footsteps, The Schomberg Fair string notes doing what they do best as musicians, throwing gospel like street-corner evangelists through hard-rock's thrust with Banjo fair.

Getting their start sometime in 2006, they've played and opened for many groups while also making headlines in festivals such as Canadian Music Week and North By Northeast from their solid performances alone. They began when Matt Bahen accidentally cut all his fingers off from his left hand at work, re-attaching them and recuperating in a hospital, by which he was able to recollect his time with schoolmate Nate Sidon. It wasn't long until they realized that they had similar interests and The Schomberg Fair was created.

Complimenting the leaning toward more rural-traditional inflections of country and bluegrass, The Schomberg Fair are frenzied rockers hollering at the past's echo. Having achieved much of a reputation throughout the city and in many great haunts of music halls and bars, they're currently on a call-to-action tour partly to promote their latest album "Gospel" released on October 2009. With a warm whiskey-filled stomach presence on stage, The Schomberg Fair are hardly a presence to be dismissed especially with drink in hand. With an immense sadness through their lyrical laments, they don't skimp when it comes to taking the stage. Commanding the space as if it were always their own, Matt Bahen works his Banjo, Guitar, Vocals and occasional harmonica with Nate Sidon's bouncy punk-oriented bass setting the grooves. Throwing in an abnormally low-baritone drop, Nate hangs up blues with his energetic voice while Pete Garthside bangs away with the glue of percussion to keep everyone together. Blue Rodeo could learn a life's lesson in their performances, and even they headline grand dumps like the Amphitheatre where men gladly throw money away for the sake of beer.

I went to see The Schomberg Fair play at the Garrison along with Big John Bates and the Voodoo Dollz.



After some mild confusion, I was on my way through the middle of Big John Bates set to have a talk with the three members of The Schomberg Fair.

So tell me about how your band got started?

We started several years ago sometime in 2006, Matt had his operation and Nate was in many bands. We just had an interest in making music and going serious about it.

It was eye-opening to read about what happened to your fingers, Matt, are they ok still? Sounds like you've recuperated well beyond your capabilities.

Oh, thanks, they fixed me up and now it's barely noticeable (Matt shows his hand). It was sort of a second chance for me because it was another one of life's chances being handed to you. I just decided to keep on playing music, and persevering through it all.

How has your tour gone so far?

We've been on tours before so this isn't totally foreign to us, we were in Burlington and Hamilton some weeks ago but this marks our official start here in Toronto. We really dig it, touring is great. It's fun living your life on the road.

What are your influences musically?

Matt: A big chunk of it is in pre-war blues like the stuff that Robert Johnson made. It's something identifiable with the rebellious spirit those guys had in their day. Those guys were just as punk as any other through their spirit and aggression. People like Skip James are great figures to me because of the settings and approach in which they went about creating their music. He's this guy who got into music because he won some cash from a lottery due to a musical audition, and just started his career making tunes, the man was something else in his day. His track "Devil Got My Woman" is way too good. It's only a shame he ended his career when he found God...

Explain the process it took to distill your musical elements together.

It wasn't hard, we just played together often and focused on working out some songs. It was kind of awkward at first, just trying to get things together but it eventually feels right and you just know when melodies and rhythms fit together, it's simple really. Practice is key.

Several years ago, you got your start in an agricultural fair in Northern Toronto, are you hailed heroes over there? They must be all over your shit.

Not necessarily, we haven't necessarily played at the actual fair itself. We're just glad to be descendents, some people hardly know much about this Schomberg Fair but it's pretty amazing. We all had our kicks anticipating its arrival growing up, because it was such a veritable spectacle of sights and sounds, which is amazing to any kid. Later on, it's kinda creepy revisiting it because of all the hidden sides to a fair which can include a share of booze, drugs and desperate individuals. I guess the best way to describe our interest and fascination with this fair is what makes up much of our own music, it's an interesting quality of dualities. You could call it a 'Rural Allegiance'.

How seriously do you take your music, were your ambitions/intentions driven to their limits for you to get to where you are now?

This isn't a hobby. We in it for the long haul and are determined to further ourselves as much as possible to achieve

all we can. It wouldn't be the same if it was just a casual thing, we're committed. It's as serious as not having a job sometimes, you just have to be dedicated to your desires.

Cue in on what it took to pump out your stage performances, were you naturally commanding to a stage or did it take a while to ease into the zone?

It's just a great feeling, it's not something we intentionally work on, so it's nice when the energies between the audience and your performance are on the same level. Nothing compares to that feeling, it's the best thing ever just to be able to play to your heart's content. We're always looking to perfect our sound, so all it really takes is putting as many live performances as possible.

What has been your biggest challenge as a band? Have you been able to overcome that challenge? If so, how?

I don't think we've necessarily had any particular challenges so far. Even if there are ups and downs, it's all part of what follows in performing live.

Having been mentioned by Craig Norris on CBC Radio 3, how does it feel to have made waves in Canada, particularly from past events/festivals (CMW, College radio, NXNE), has it dawned for all of you yet? Are there larger ambitions?

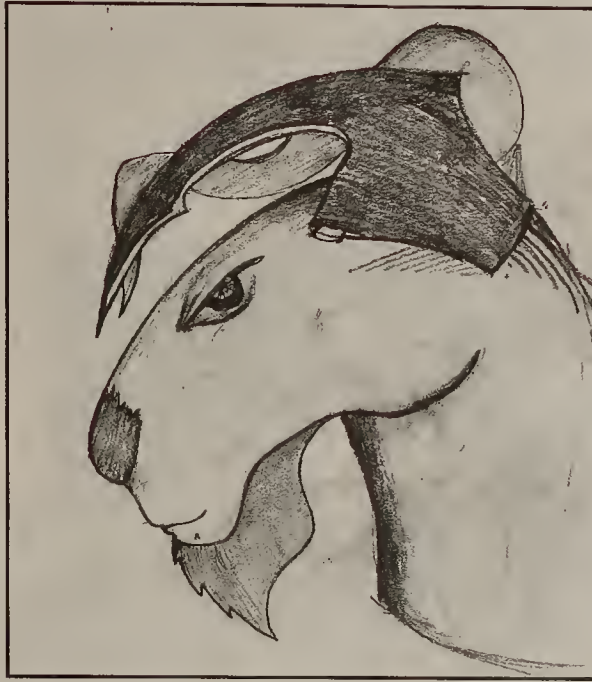
Yeah, we really appreciate all the plugs that we've gotten so far. I'm just glad that people are into our music and its quite nice to get compliments about what we've been doing. We're just happy to keep doing what we do best. Part of it too is that you should respect the expense of people's willingness to partake in your performances, so it just makes sense to give it all you've got to keep them coming back.

Do you see any developments or progression arcs for the music you'll create in the future?

Not necessarily, but for now, we're just continuing working on the music we've got and working on it to its furthest limits. We're just really interested in exploring all the possibilities in what we can do with our sound. Even so, at the end of the day, your music is dictated by your own artistic ambitions. So even though things may not be for everyone, there's always going to be your own audience who'll receive your music no matter how it sounds. Pete chimes "We're not going pop!"

Check out The Schomberg Fair on Boxing Day at the Horseshoe Tavern, where they will be playing with The Cautioners among others.





Art | Marko BALABAN

Chroma/Serenade/Emergence – The White Stripes Ballet • • •

By Linus PUMPERNICKEL

"Icky thump who'da thunk..." that the White Stripes and ballet would be such a fucking phenomenal mix? The National Ballet of Canada were kind enough to grace Torontonians with 'Chroma & Serenade & Emergence' from Nov. 24th to the 28th at the Four Seasons Centre for the Performing Arts. I was fortunate enough to catch the last screening amidst my flurry of exam stress and manic, coffee-riddled rants about the ridiculous essay topics I'm forced to bullshit about (damn you, U of T! How will giving a shit about Freud's Oedipus complex land me a job anyways?). I arrived before the 2 PM performance on Sunday to the fairly packed orchestra section. The seating arrangement in my row looked like Darwin's evolutionary dissent of man diagram come to life: it started off with the blue-haired Yeti to the right, and ended with the gorgeous Asian girl to the left. Great. It's not that I don't respect the elderly, but when I'm king of the world I WILL cull the herd. I am in no way resentful of the fact that she kept masticating on her fake teeth and gasping in fright every time a ballerina did a pirouette. Anyways, now that I'm done bitching, let me put my critic's hat on and get down to business:

CHROMA

The White Stripes' 'Aluminum', 'The Hardest Button to Button', and 'Blue Orchid', in addition to British composer Joby Talbot's four

original compositions created a beautifully frenetic soundtrack. Its juxtaposition with Wayne McGregor's visually stunning choreography provided the audience with a powerfully unique and poetic performance. Acclaimed architect John Pawson designed a stark, minimalist architectural setting that was a powerful backdrop to the spectacle. McGregor seamlessly married the contortions of the human body and emotionally charged soundscape to embody the true essence of 'Chroma': the intensity of color and the freedom from white. Alternating between striking poses and contemporary ballet, a dichotomy was created between stasis and fluid action, allowing the audience to see the nature of physical movement in a new perspective.

SERENADE

The program describes it as "a powerful, haunting work, opening on an abstract note with an ensemble of 17 women standing in diagonal lines, their right arms and palms raised. Their arms are then bent and brought toward their heads, as if the dancers are shielding themselves from a brilliant light. The feet are in a parallel position facing forward, then suddenly they are made to snap out in a balletic first position, as if in acceptance of a new mode of movement." Serenade was a light-hearted, blue-hued melodic piece set against Tchaikovsky's 'Serenade in C Major for String Orchestra Op. 48'. There was no

elaborate set design, just a simple stage in which the seventeen women used to its fullest potential with neoclassical ballet. George Balanchine, the choreographer, noted that 'Serenade' does not have a plot, that it's simply "dancers in motion to a beautiful piece of music", nailing their pirouettes, chains and pique turns with articulate energy.

EMERGENCE

This performance was the best by far. Eschewing classic orchestral instruments in favor of the acoustic and electronic (in combination with computer processing techniques like granular synthesis), Crystal Pite creates a truly haunting and eccentric soundtrack to a dark work that "casts a swarming, scurrying group of dancers, insect-like, in an eerily subterranean universe". In contrast to Chrome and Serenade, the dancers avoided dancing en pointe and instead moved with fragmented and gestural movements, at one point convulsing their arms and legs in a creature-like fashion. The surreal ambience of the piece was further heightened by the drone-like sounds of bees, sounds of marching, and loud whispered chants from the dancers themselves. The high point of the piece was the large dark hole in the center of the background, which flashed with a bright beam of light into the audience at the end, almost blinding us with its golden hue.

The Photo Editor's picks

expat
(lifestyle)

a category of people that embodies December's choice,
Elizaveta Porodina and myself.



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First of all, I thought it was necessary to introduce myself (and my work). After all, who the hell is that guy who claims to be the Photo Editor?

I am a 19-years-old, Guatemalan-born, Toronto-based photographer who is interested in exploring the boundaries between conceptual and fashion photography.

I am also a second year student at UofT, majoring in Visual Studies and Anthropology.

As the photo editor of the Innis Herald my intention is to showcase local and international talent through this section, providing refreshing content and people.

For this Issue my choice was Elizaveta Porodina, a Russian-born, Munich-based photographer who, just like me, continuously plays around with fashion and conceptual photography.

As of my work, I included a recently shot editorial, L'enfant Terrible, which features casual fashion worn by C. Cruz Rajas.

Too much chit-chat?

The photo editor.

ELIZAVETA PORODINA



Elizaveta Porodina is a 23-year-old emerging fashion and portrait photographer. She was born in Moscow but at the age of 13 she moved to Munich, Germany, where she immersed herself in painting and illustrating several short stories.

Later on, Elizaveta went for a degree in Psychology during which she discovered her obsession for fashion photography.

Her practice is influenced by the feelings of nostalgia and melancholy for her home, Moscow. Since 2009 her work has been commissioned and showcased in many publications, from art to fashion magazines.

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L'ENFANT TERRIBLE
by the photo-editor



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Do you want to be showcased in this section?
Send us your photographs!

Note: Images included in this section were not shot as editorials or on a specified theme. The photo editor decided to organise them around a particular theme in order to give consistency to the spread. For any inquiries or comments please contact the photo editor at m.contrerasparedes@utoronto.ca



Art | Lidija RABRENOVIĆ

Barney's Version . . .

By Paolo KAGAOAN

If you ask film producer Robert Lantos, Mordecai Richler's swan song *Barney's Version* is the latter's magnum opus. The novel is told in the perspective of a Barney Panofsky, a TV producer, possibly patterned after Lantos himself. He's an old coot who has long ago joined the intellectual discourse as a voyeur only to forget most of what he's learned. The characters around him have provenances just as lengthy as their flaws. Richler incorporates into the subject his own unique sense of humour into this dramatic story. Lantos optioned the film rights, with parts painstakingly filmed in a rustic portrayal of Italy, a country that embraced the novel as its own. The filming's reception is just one of the things Lantos shed light on while answering question after the screening of the film adaptation of *Barney's Version*.

Lantos optioned the film version in a decade long process, intuitively as a Canadian making a film about a quintessential Canadian icon. In came different directors and screenwriters both Canadian and international who had different visions of the film but Lantos decided on TV director Richard J. Lewis, a man he trusted, who had the same obsession with the source material as he did. It was then time to find an actor - Paul Giamatti - to bring justice to the role's both younger and older days. All this effort from Lantos in obligation Richler, to the man he regarded as an idol, mentor and friend.

Nonetheless, there are huge difference between novel and film. Rome is actually Paris in the novel. Dink's, Barney's hangout in Montreal, turns into Grumpy's. The novel's time line, from the early 1950's to the mid 1990's, while the film's time line changes from 1974 to 2010. The time frame when Barney is married to the first two of this three wives shortened by half. His friend



painter Leo Bishinsky becomes an Italian. Mike (Jake Hoffman) is a composite of his two sons in the novel, Mike and Saul. Other character composites are his arch-nemeses writer Terry McIver and Detective Sean O'Hearne (Mark Addy). The latter's book, published in fictional 2010, about Barney allegedly murdering his best friend Boogie (Scott Speedman). The book then sparks within him waves of past memories.

The film actually begins with Barney harassing Blair (Bruce Greenwood), now married to his third wife and the love of his life, CBC Radio host Miriam (Rosamund Pike). The movie is then divided into three acts, corresponding with Barney's wives. The first is dedicated to Clara (Rachelle Lefevre). The second, to second Mrs. Panofsky (Minnie Driver). The latter is a Daphne duMaurier/Hitchcock reference - an unnamed second wife considerably worse in reputation than Barney's duplicitous first. Mrs P's storyline overlaps with Miriam, as Barney meets Miriam in his wedding. In courting her, once or twice we'd see Barney's point of view while looking at Miriam, blurry and shaky like an alcohol-hazed idealization. Barney and Miriam's relationship makes up the body and ethical soul of the film, adding layers to the film's as a character study

for Barney. His unfaithful love reminds us of his bother flaws - he's a cigar smoker, an alcoholic, a misanthrope yet a lothario. Yet love is a complex thing that one can feel and lose towards others. And a few people he's fond of and shows his affection for them in different ways. He tolerates Solange's (Macha Grenon) fantasies about Bulgarian tabloids who still love the younger version of her. He repeatedly provides Boogie, a worse off alcoholic than him, life rafts. He still asks his vulgar father Izzy (Dustin Hoffman) for advice.

The most rewarding part of this film are the performances. Dustin Hoffman keeps the audience guessing, packing the subtlety and toughness of his prime into one film. Giamatti, as Lantos can attest, adds multiple layers of emotion into one scene like that on the bordello scene. He also has a meatier scene in one of the film's later scenes that's intense and heart-shattering without having to say a word. If there's a weak link in the cast it would be Pike, who's assigned to be the perfect woman. Reminiscent of Laura Linney, I'll give her credit for emulating frosty news anchor types. However, she doesn't how much range in emotion until it's too late.

Cameos include Paul Gross, who I noticed, and David Cronenberg and Atom Egoyan, who I didn't. Lantos confided that the film's original cut is three hours long that includes extended versions of scenes like that between Barney eviscerating Clara's father (Saul Rubinek). The film's final cut exceeds two hours, feels long enough, but I am interested in seeing what the film's multiple characters are really like and now hope to have seen those scenes in the big screen.



Art | Marko BALABAN



Art | Jessie SHENG

Some Words on a Short Dark Familiar Stranger • • •

By Alex GRIFFITH

As the closing credits of *You Will Meet a Tall Dark Stranger* rolled (white Windsor Light Condensed on black, as always), I pondered what the previous 90 minutes signified in the Woody Allen catalogue. It was a watchable film, the 41st addition to 45 years of filmmaking. But it is not Allen at his best, or even his moderate best. Tall Dark Stranger takes familiar stories played out in the Woodman's other work and introduces itself with Shakespeare's line about life being "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." That observation could also be applied to Allen's recent output.

Everyone knows that Woody Allen writes about himself, and, to a large extent, for himself. Odd is that, of late, he has been writing scripts about his other scripts. He paired a wealthy older man (Anthony Hopkins) with a prostitute with a heart of gold (Lucy Punch), as he did in *Deconstructing Harry* (1997) and *Mighty Aphrodite* (1996). He shows the breakup of a marriage between a washed-up writer (Josh Brolin) and fed-up wife (Naomi Watts), the same formula applied to Kenneth Branagh and Judy Davis in *Celebrity* (1998) and to himself and Mia Farrow (ah, the days of Farrow-Allen!) in *Husbands and Wives* (1991). Hopkins' wife in the film, Gemma Jones, experiences supernatural communication with the dead; this happened to Mia Farrow in *Alice* (1990) and Scarlett Johansson in *Scoop* (2006). Allen can always make the ordinary watchable, but even the help of monstrously talented casts cannot cover up this act of recycling.

There is no doubt that Allen is still brilliant, still industrious, and still more than capable at crafting entertainment. How he continues to produce one-liners is, at this point, beyond comprehension. But easier to spot than a genius is a lazy genius. I can imagine him dashing off 10 pages of dialogue in between swallowing Advils, half-distracted by a migraine and a fear of the abyss. Roger Ebert said Tall Dark Stranger was "every frame an Allen film, but it isn't very much more." It is definitely funny, definitely ironic, and definitely low on faith in human interaction. The film does not so much conclude as end with a shrug, narrator Zak Orth reminding us of Shakespeare's line about life being full of sound and...what? Nothing?

Has Allen said all he has to say? If he wanted his career to have an arc, he probably should have stopped after *Crimes and Misdemeanours* (1989). That film's sublime combination of comedy and drama would have been a perfect swan song to the humour and the clouds of despair that hang over his work. It would have shown a level of maturity from the man who made *Bananas* and *Sleeper*, a cinematic graduation from the "earlier funny ones" to complex morality tales like *Hannah and Her Sisters* (1986), that smacked not a little of Bergman. However, Allen went on to write and direct a wildly inconsistent batch of films in the 1990s. Critics stopped looking too hard for glimmers of the old Allen after the box office failure of *The Curse of the Jade Scorpion* (2001), which is actually not that bad (yet was hugely over-budgeted at \$33 million; Allen shot the successful *Vicky Christina Barcelona* for fifteen).

It is hard to call all of post-80s Allen lighthearted—*Matchpoint* and *Shadows and Fog* are as dark as he gets—but his work has definitely become airier. Like Tarantino at his worst, Allen can still flourish endless clever premises (*Small Time Crooks*, *Melinda and Melinda*, *Hollywood Ending*) and conjure one-liners on the spot. At Cannes he even delivered another funny quip when asked what he felt about mortality: "My relationship to death remains the same. I'm strongly against it." But he cannot do now what he did in *The Purple Rose of Cairo* (1985): take a meta-fictional story full of ironic postmodernism and make it genuine. It is a love story between poor Cecilia and dashing (yet fictional) Tom Baxter, and a love story between Allen and cinema. Nothing since has been so heartfelt and hilarious. To his credit, *Hollywood Ending* and *Small Time Crooks* are amusing (if morally vacuous) comedies. Allen pulls surprising and sometimes implausible endings to leave his characters happy, or at least usually leave them in decent spirits. *Deus ex machina* was never so obvious as the helicopter that lands in front of Mira Sorvino at the end of *Mighty Aphrodite*, uniting the unlucky heroine with her future soul mate.

These forced conclusions come off as subversive from Allen, who has repeatedly told us how deluded and miserable we all are. According to Alfie Singer, we should

be happy to be miserable. In hindsight, it was the most consoling thought Allen ever shared with us. His films are less concerned with puzzling out a moral philosophy than throwing rich attractive people into each other's lives and beds. A.O. Scott of the New York Times has called Allen's recent work "timid and defensive", glazed with the "fussed-over air of a hobbyist's playthings". Rick Groen of the Globe and Mail extends the comparison to an aging cabinet maker still blessed with craft but grown erratic in design... At best, the little drawers, the ones marked Comedy and Tragedy and Love and Death, pull out smoothly and the whole thing looks relatively attractive and works quite functionally—think *Match Point* or *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*. At worst, the conception degenerates into a contraption of ill-fitting pieces and rusty old hinges—*Scoop* is the obvious example.

Though it is true that Allen has become less audience-friendly, the decline has not been steady. *Match Point* was one of his best dramas and *Vicky-Christina Barcelona* (2008), while overrated, glimmered with hope for a Woody renaissance. The shift to Europe, or a warm, upper-middle class version of Europe, might freshen his narratives. But he will probably not direct another *Manhattan* (1979). He might not even make another *Radio Days* (1987).

Woody had a lot to say about relationships, sex, anxiety, the human condition, and self-delusion. He could take the best of what European artists were saying—be it Fellini, Bergman, or Dostoyevsky—and translate their ideas for North American intellectuals. New York, once a beautiful character unto itself, became a ubiquitous backdrop to his rushed plots. Unfortunately, Allen's settings now refuse to be contemporary, as if he is condensing his fear of aging onto postcard locales in Barcelona and Manhattan. Most recently, his "London" is sunny window dressing for Hopkins, Jones, Brolin, Watts, and others to struggle with underwritten characters.

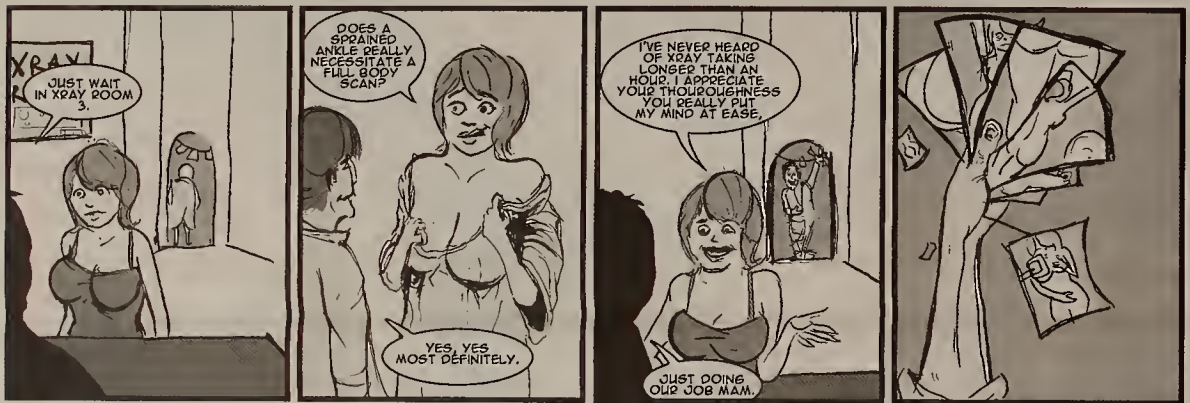
Although Tall Dark Stranger has a lot of different Allen elements, this does not make for a triumphant celebration. It is not like Shakespeare waving goodbye in *The Tempest*, but more a nod of recognition. Woody is still here, but lately showing up cannot count for 80%.

REX THE WONDER DOG!

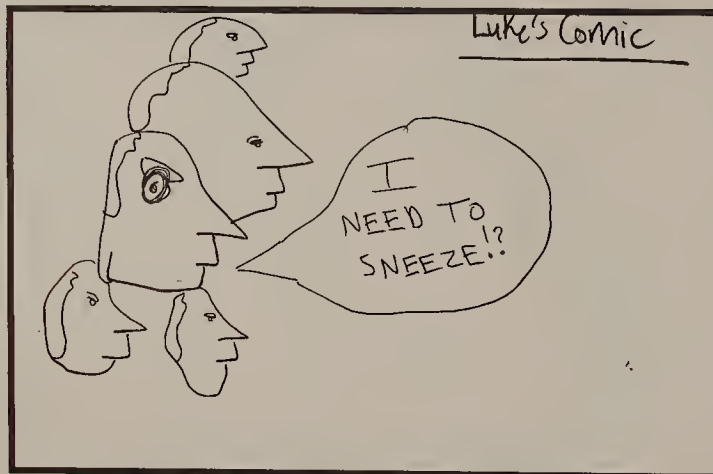


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